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W A R  
A G A I N S T  
H E A V E N

OPENLY DECLARED  
*BY MULTITUDES*  
IN  
THIS DEGENERATE AGE;

WHO SAY TO THE ALMIGHTY,  
DEPART FROM US; FOR WE DESIRE NOT THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF THY WAYS.

A seasonable and serious EXHORTATION for all  
Sorts to consider of their Ways, before it be  
too late.

By *JAMES MAXWELL*,  
POET, in *PAISLEY*.

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W A R  
 AGAINST  
 H E A V E N  
 OPENLY DECLARED  
*BY MULTITUDES*  
 IN  
 THIS DEGENERATE AGE, &c.

**A** LAS! alas, what wretched age is this!  
 Hark, how th' old serpent now begins to hiss!  
 Yea, boldly men their Blasphemies impart,  
 And to th' ALMIGHTY say, "From us depart:  
 We neither know, nor do we want to know,  
 The knowledge of Thy ways on earth below.  
 In vain thou send'st thy priests and prophets here,  
 For none of such will we attend to hear;  
 And what they call thy pure and holy Word,  
 Is totally by men of sense abhorr'd:  
 For all they say, and all they can devise,  
 We know is only base fallacious lies."

Thus hath the arch-deceiver led them on  
 To think a heav'n or hell, or future state is none.  
 This they believe a while, and when they die  
 They think they shall for ever thoughtless lie

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Among their fellow brutes, and never rise  
 To hear the trumpet that shall rend the skies ;  
 Therefore they heed not what they do or say  
 Because they think there is no judgment-day.  
 These are the notions they have learnt ('tis plain)  
 From their great fav'rite leader, Thomas Paine :  
 And many more, who now are gone before,  
 Whose works and memories they much adore.  
 Emissaries from hell, they labour'd hard,  
 But now they're gone to get their full reward.  
 Such was a Hume and Burns, who now are gone  
 Into a state, to them before unknown.  
 But were they suffered hither to return,  
 How would they for their former madness mourn !  
 Like him who would have had a Laz'rus sent  
 To warn his brethren that they might repent ;  
 Before they to that place of torment came,  
 Where he was scorch'd with everlasting flame.  
 But, ah, too late ! his cries were all in vain ;  
 For none can there that liberty obtain.

Now Satan tempts men to deny God's Word  
 That they may to his lies an ear afford ;  
 And to this pitch, when he hath led them on,  
 Then they believe their leader's words alone,  
 And then the Word of God is counted lies,  
 And all his precepts wholly they despise.  
 Tho' Satan knows God's Word is only true,  
 And that of him they but receive their due ;  
 For when our Saviour cast the devils out,  
 They there confest his Godhead void of doubt ;  
 And tho' the devils he did thence explode,  
 They own'd he was the holy ONE of God.  
 " But tho' thou art the holy ONE sublime,  
 Why wilt Thou us torment before the time ? "

Thus were they forc'd, by sov'reign pow'r divine,  
 To speak the truth, not by their own design :  
 Yet are they suffer'd mankind to deceive,  
 And make them lies instead of truth believe.  
 But none of all his black infernal train,  
 So barefac'd or invet'rate were as Paine ;  
 Against the Word of God hath he so spurn'd,  
 That some ('tis said) have now their Bibles burn'd.  
 If this be true or false, affirm not I,  
 But better proof we shall have by and by.  
 But this is certain, that if they've receiv'd  
 His horrid blasphemies, and them believ'd,  
 No wonder that they have their Bibles burn'd,  
 And at reveal'd religion wholly spurn'd.  
 Yea, this I'm certain of, that some despise  
 That precious Book, and call it all but lies ;  
 I have heard some call it but a legend vain,  
 And this they own'd they've learnt from Thomas Paine.  
 Yea, it is said they have appointed clubs,  
 And duly meet to give the Bible rubs.  
 Yea, there they meet, and all confer together,  
 To harden and confirm each one another.  
 Nay, it is said that ev'n in Paisley Town,  
 Four of these cursed clubs are there well known.  
 If this be true that Magistrates connive,  
 No wonder then that deism here thrive.  
 But this I hope will not be suffer'd long,  
 Or all things here will surely soon go wrong ;  
 Nor do I think such Magistrates are here  
 As would with such abomination bear.  
 For these against the sov'reign Pow'r of Heaven,  
 Their hearts and hands to Satan sure have giv'n.  
 Nor are these all the black infernal herd,  
 Who have an open war 'gainst Heav'n declar'd ;



Tho' not so barefac'd as the former fort,  
 For fear they should fall under bad report.  
 Of these are many classes of mankind,  
 Too many now for me to bear in mind.

One mighty phalanx I shall here describe,  
 Who are deriv'd from Mammon's num'rous tribe,  
 Who fell with Satan, when from heav'n he fell  
 And got a place appointed him in hell.  
 As num'rous these as are the grains of sand  
 That deck the margin of the ebbing strand,  
 And are as eager riches to obtain,  
 As if they were just starving for a grain;  
 These now are risen mightily of late,  
 And for earth's riches they make great debate;  
 Yea, lo, they strive to compass sea and land,  
 And strive to wrest them from JEHOVAH's hand.  
 Their god, ev'n Mammon, highly they adore,  
 And all they covet is for earthly store.  
 Of late have they got out their cruel horns,  
 Strong as the heads and necks of unicorns.  
 With these they push, and cruelly devour  
 All that they can get once within their pow'r.  
 For instance, God had sent of grain such store,  
 As seldom had on earth been seen before;  
 Yet did they raise a clam'rous false report,  
 That grain was grown so scarce of ev'ry sort;  
 And that there was not now enough to serve  
 'Till harvest came, but half the land must starve.  
 And this alarm soon reach'd our British court,  
 (That corn of ev'ry kind was grown so short:  
 This mov'd the Court these tidings to believe,  
 Tho' all their craft was only to deceive.)  
 The court at once the false report believ'd,  
 And never thought that they were thus deceiv'd.

All means was then attempted to sustain  
 The nation, since we were so short of grain.  
 Distilling was forbid, lest there should be  
 A famine soon unto the last degree!  
 The King's own table with brown bread was serv'd,  
 Because 'twas thought we soon should all be starv'd.  
 Starch-making and hair-powder were suppress'd,  
 And ev'ry frugal method was thought best.  
 A bounty was allow'd to bring in grain  
 From foreign parts, the nation to maintain.

These put it in the pow'r of Mammon's tribe  
 To raise all articles we can describe  
 For mankind's use, and to distress the poor  
 Beyond the pow'r of nature to endure.  
 'This is ingratitude beyond degree,  
 Against the KING of kings; this all may see.  
 Is this not lifting arms against the Lord,  
 Thus to discredit all his holy Word?  
 When he hath sent such plenty on the earth,  
 And thence to raise such a prodigious dearth?  
 Such trick as this was never known before,  
 Nor ever shall, we hope, be heard of more.  
 Such artificial dearth by plenty rais'd,  
 Makes ev'ry thinking mind to stand amaz'd!

Thus Mammon's tribes have got their cursed prey,  
 And they may think they now have won the day:  
 But stay a little; be not in such haste,  
 Tho' you have feather'd well your hellish nest;  
 You know not yet for all your rapid cant,  
 How soon you may be brought to downright want.  
 You shew'd no mercy when 'twas in your pow'r,  
 But thought to starve the humble needy poor.  
 You seem'd to think Heav'n winked at your game,  
 And you should ne'er be brought to want or shame;

But these will surely overtake you soon,  
 And night come on when you expected noon ;  
 The widows and the fatherless have ye  
 Brought to distress, and dreadful misery :  
 While you were hoarding wealth with wanton ease,  
 Both deaf and blind to all their agonies.  
 You seem'd to think the Lord would not regard  
 Their cries, nor render you a due reward.  
 Well, you may please yourselves with this vain thought,  
 That you to judgment never shall be brought :  
 But know 'tis Satan that persuades you so,  
 For in that path he loves to have you go.  
 He'll tell you, " If you can increase your store,  
 Ne'er mind how you afflict and pinch the poor ;  
 Believe not what fanatic people say  
 About a future awful judgment-day."  
 Thus he persuaded our first parents so,  
 Which prov'd the cause of all our future woe ;  
 When they believ'd his false infernal lies,  
 Ere God had open'd their beclouded eyes.  
 And thus hath he their offspring still deceiv'd,  
 All who have him instead of God believ'd ;  
 And such are you, who are of Mammon's tribe,  
 Money, he knows, is your alluring bribe :  
 Therefore, of late, he put it in your pow'r  
 Grain to accumulate, and men devour.  
 He knew your avarice, and love of gold,  
 Which ne'er was equall'd in the days of old :  
 And if you suffer'd were thus to go on,  
 Half of the nation would be quite undone :  
 But Heav'n, we hope, will surely stem your tide  
 And overthrow your avarice and pride.

These were the crimes that war began in heav'n,  
 For which your leader down to hell was driv'n ;

But his emissaries he thence sends forth,  
 Into the world, from east, south, west and north ;  
 At his command they wander to and fro,  
 To pester men with trouble, grief and woe ;  
 But never got they such free scope before,  
 To harraßs and destroy the humble poor.  
 This many thousands fore have felt this year,  
 For ev'ry article they paid so dear.  
 And what was worst, they little had to pay,  
 They from the market light must come away,  
 While families were starving till they come,  
 But small relief were found, when they came home  
 With empty baskets, all things were so dear,  
 And money scarce, their hearts they could not cheer.

O cruel avarice, what hast thou done ?  
 By thee have thousands here been forc'd to groan :  
 While thou and Mammon rear'd rebellious arms  
 Against the God of heaven with loud alarms.  
 Such are the bold emissaries of hell,  
 With many more who with their leader'fell :  
 But time would fail me here to mention all  
 The rebel tribes that sprang up since the fall.  
 I therefore shall but mention one tribe more,  
 Who take delight in shedding human gore ;  
 Namely the cruel seed of cursed Cain,  
 By whom was Abel, his dear brother slain.  
 And such are those who raise offensive war,  
 Against their neighbours, whether near or far.  
 These have appear'd of late exceeding fast,  
 But now we hope the storm is almost past :  
 For they have got their bellyfuls of late,  
 We hope they will not soon their game repeat.

AMEN. SO BE IT.





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